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Memorial service...
of Tristam B. Johnson

[New York?]

[1911]

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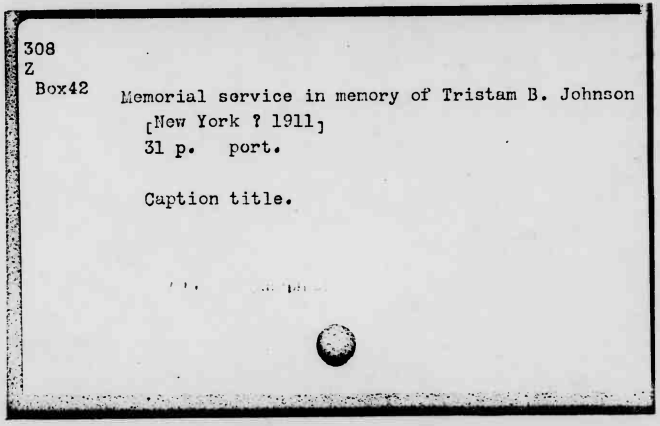

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TRACKING#: MSH24701

from J. Augustus Johnson

DEC 1916
308
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Box 42

Tristam Burges Johnson

Born, July 3rd, 1881
Died, July 16th, 1911

LIGHTNING ON LINKS KILLS T. B. JOHNSON

New York Man, New Navy Solicitor, Struck Down on Chevy Chase Club Course.

BODY IS FEARFULLY BURNED

Companion and Caddy Knocked Down —Dead Man Once Leader of Board of Aldermen and Active Politician.

Special to The New York Times.

WASHINGTON, July 16.—With not a drop of rain falling, a flare of lightning, attracted probably by the heel of the golf club which he held over his shoulder, struck and instantly killed Tristam Burgess Johnson of New York, recently appointed Solicitor of the Navy Department, on the golf grounds of the Chevy Chase Country Club early this afternoon. Persons prominent in official life lunching at the club, not far away, were stunned by the shock, while Mr. Johnson's host, Francis B. Poe of this city, with whom he was playing, and his caddy were both thrown to the ground. The caddy, on picking himself up, fell three times before he could recover his balance.

Mr. Johnson's body was burned almost beyond recognition, and Surgeon General Stokes of the navy, who happened to be at the club, pronounced death to have been instananeous. Before the bolt fell there had been a few claps of thunder, and while a storm was evidently brewing, the players hoped to finish their game before the rain came. They were on the tenth hole, 100 yards away from any tree, when Mr. Johnson sliced his ball off to one side. With his club over his shoulder he walked after the ball.

He had gone only a dozen yards from where Mr. Poe and the caddy were standing, when there was a crashing peal of thunder, a flashing glare, and Mr. Johnson fell. The lightning burned a clean hole in his shoulder where his club rested. His hair was burned off and his coat ripped. His trousers were literally burned off him, while his legs were terribly charred when his friends reached him. The flash seems to have traversed the full length of his body, passing into the earth through his feet. The soles of his shoes were burned through and his shoes were torn to tatters. The lightning set fire to the grass and a circle of a dozen yards was burned before the rain, which then began to fall, extinguished it.

The body was at once carried to the clubhouse, where Surgeon General Stokes made a quick examination. A single glance was enough to show that life was extinct, and arrangements were at once made for bringing the body into town. The Maryland authorities—the clubhouse is just outside the District of Columbia—expressed no desire for post-mortem examination, and the body was at once put in an automobile and taken to the home of Mr. Poe, whom Mr. Johnson was visiting in the absence of his family.

The death of the Solicitor caused a tremendous shock in Washington when the news reached here. Already the loud clap of thunder had attracted attention in the city—seven miles from the scene of the tragedy—but when it was learned that a death had occurred on President Taft's favorite golfing course horror was universally expressed. The Chevy Chase Club is one of the best-known country clubs in the United States and is a favorite lounging place for members of the Cabinet, Senators, diplomats and visiting notables. Nearly every afternoon when the President is here he plays a course over the links in company with some member of his official family or a high officer of the army or navy.

Mr. Johnson was 30 years of age and a native of New York. He had served on the Board of Aldermen in New York City and was Republican leader of that body. Recently, however, he had been practicing law. He was an ardent political worker in the same district in which Representative Parsons won his spurs.

His father is J. Augustus Johnson of South Orange, N. J., who with his mother and sister now are in New Hampshire on a motoring trip and are expected back at their Summer home at Buck Hills Falls, Penn., in a few days.

A graduate of Columbia and of Williams College, Mr. Johnson was married about four years ago to Miss Elizabeth Giddings, daughter of Prof. Franklin H. Giddings of Columbia University. His wife and two children are now at Atlantic City. Mrs. Johnson was advised of her husband's death last night by Bascom Johnson, a cousin of the dead man, who lives at Cherrydale, Va. Dr. Taber Johnson of this city is an uncle of the deceased, while Dr. Lorin Johnson, also of Washington, is a cousin. Mrs. Johnson will arrive in Washington early to-morrow morning and arrange for the funeral of her husband.

J. Augustus Johnson

Oct 4 1911

INTENTIONAL SECOND EXPOSURE

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J. Augustus Johnson

Oct 4 1911

"In memory of the man unspoiled,
sweet, gentle and humane."

Tristam Burges Johnson

Was born July 3d, 1881, the son of Hon. J. Augustus Johnson of New York, for many years United States Consul and Consul General in Syria. His mother was Miss Sarah Barclay of Virginia. His middle name was given him for his great uncles, Hon. Tristam Burges, who long served Rhode Island in Congress, and Hon. Walter S. Burges, Attorney General and Justice of the Supreme Court of that State.

Tristam early formed the purpose to give his life to public service, and it was as a serious part of his education that after leaving Williams College, he visited all the Atlantic and Pacific States and Alaska, to study at first hand the American people and their resources. Having been graduated from the Law School of Columbia University and admitted to the New York Bar, he began practice with his father. Afterwards he became a member of the firm of Stevens, Johnson and Royall.

Immediately he entered local politics in the practical way, as a tireless and faithful district worker. As a captain in his election district he served first under the leadership of the Hon. Herbert Parsons and later, of the Hon. Ezra P. Prentice. In 1907, he was elected to the Board of Aldermen on the Republican ticket, and in 1909 he was re-elected. Foremost in opposing extravagant expenditures, financial irregularities and unnecessary ap-

propriations of special revenue bonds, at the beginning of his second term he was chosen Republican leader of the Board. When Mr. Prentice, in December, 1908, resigned as Executive Member of the Twenty-fifth Assembly District Organization, Mr. Johnson was unanimously elected to the place, and at the primaries in each subsequent year, he was re-elected without opposition. The duties of his leadership, discharged with unwearying fidelity and with signal success, and his service in the Board of Aldermen, were terminated, when, on April 1, 1911, he was appointed by President Taft to the office of Solicitor to the Navy.

Full as his life was with professional and public cares, Mr. Johnson found time for other interests, and for social relations. For seven years he served in the National Guard, and was sometime a corporal in the Seventh Regiment, a member of the Seamen's Church Institute, and chairman of one of its committees, he twice appeared before committees of Congress to urge legislation for the better protection of seamen. He was a trustee of the Worcester, Mass., Academy, a member of the Legal Aid Society, of the Society of Colonial Wars, and of the Sons of the American Revolution, and of the Union League and Columbia University Clubs.

On November 7, 1908, he was married to Miss Elizabeth R. Giddings, daughter of Professor Franklin H.

Giddings, of Columbia University. Two children were born to them, Barclay Giddings Johnson and Elizabeth Alden Johnson.

In every relation in life Tristam Burges Johnson "made good." Of his work at Washington Hon. Beekman Winthrop, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, has written:

"I cannot speak too highly of his work. He had handled most successfully a number of difficult problems and I felt the greatest confidence in his opinions, ability and capacity for work."

And so felt all who knew him, and in any service whatsoever, worked with him.

On July 16, 1911, he was instantly killed by lightning while playing golf on the Chevy Chase links, at Washington. The last words he ever spoke were of consideration for others, when he asked the caddies if they were afraid of the storm and would prefer to go in.

Memorial Service

In Memory of

Tristam B. Johnson

Mr. Frederick C. Tanner, Presiding:

Friends of Tristam Johnson and friends of the District in which he so long lived :

We have planned a very simple memorial service here for to-night. It is not to be religious in its character, except in so far as loving and sincere tribute to a manly man *is* religion. We have not gone to some church; we have not gathered in some strange hall. We are right here at home in the Club House, where Tristam worked with us. And we believe that it is the sentiment of his family and his co-workers that simplicity should be of the very essence of our tribute. For like every young man who has the elements of confident strength within him, Tristam Johnson was above all a simple man.

I have asked here to-night a few men to speak from the great number of his friends, choosing those

who have been officially associated with him since his first entrance into district affairs; men under whom he fought when they were leaders; men who have been on the ticket with him in various campaigns; those who were closest to him both in the Senatorial and Congressional districts.

As the successor of Tristam Johnson I only hope that when the time comes to lay down the reins of leadership, a small tithe of the affection will be shown towards me that is manifested to-night towards his memory, and that it will be as well deserved.

The night after his death, when I came here hardly a word was spoken. Big, rough and strong men tried to say something to me about him, but they couldn't do it. I couldn't answer them. And yet the object of this meeting here to-night is not one of eulogy; it is not to add to the gloom that has come over every one of us. For the dominant side of Tristam Johnson was not gloom or sadness. It was straightforward helpfulness and the sense of the victory that always came to him in his efforts in this district.

You and I cannot comprehend why he was taken from us—it is idle for us to talk about the wisdom or omniscience of his going while we feel as we do to-night. But at least we can comprehend, if we do not understand why he was taken from us, why he was allowed to live with us. The tone, the manhood and political virtue of

this district is higher and stronger because he was permitted to live here the few years that he did. We will not know many men like him, either in public or private life. He was so gentle, unselfish and high-minded. Human sympathy lay at the bottom of everything he did. He knew well how to listen to the "short and simple annals of the poor." His success was because of this; because he knew and understood all kinds of men and they knew and understood him. Tristam told me once that he so liked to be liked by the men of his district—instead of that, they *loved* him. Speech cannot contain our feeling to-night. There was—there is, no stronger, gentler, manlier man.

And now I am going to ask his oldest associate and leader and adviser to speak to you, and I know that our friend, Herbert Parsons, will have something to say to us that will lighten the burden upon us, family, friends, and all alike.

Mr. Parsons said: Mr. Chairman, and Friends and Admirers of Tristam Johnson: There is an old saying that those whom the gods love die young. And never was there a better instance of it than the death of Tristam Johnson. He was an exceptional young man. He had a fine inheritance, he was well educated; he loved work, he sought to render service, he had ideals; above all things he loved his fellow man. Great gifts had been

given to him but he gave to us as freely as they had been given to him.

There was no work that was too mean, too humble or too lowly for him to do. Those of us who knew him in politics realized the immense value of that sort of a man. Many men with college educations think of going into politics, and their idea is to make great speeches, to thrill audiences. We, who know the practical side, realize that there are not great audiences to hear the great speeches and that the man who must count, who is determined to count, can only be the man who is willing to do the small and yet the important things. In political work as in everything else, details are all-important. The man who rings the door-bells of the houses in the Election District, will get more votes than the man who talks on the street corner from a truck. People do not often realize this. It seems so little for an educated man to do —to give up his time and effort to the apparently small work which first falls to a man entering politics—and yet it is that which counts. He who is faithful in a few things is made ruler over many things, in politics as almost nowhere else. The story is told of a well-born and well educated young Englishman that was brought to the Prime Minister of England by his father, because his father wished him to take an interest in polities, and that he said to the Prime Minister that he was very keen to take an interest in politics, but what he wanted to do,

was to deal with the large problems and not be bothered with details. The Prime Minister answered, "Young man, details are everything." And details are everything! And the success of Tristam Johnson as leader of this District — a very remarkable success — was largely due to the fact that he realized that details were everything.

He sought to render service; he wanted to be of some real use. In the Board of Alderman he served on the most important committee that the Board of Aldermen has had to do with in many, many years — the Committee on Congestion of Population — and he gave to that work, an epoch-making work in a way for this city — the greatest interest, devotion and intelligence, because that was to be of *real* service to his fellowmen in this City. One of the pieces of legislation that I had the privilege of introducing and securing the passage of while I was a Member of Congress, related to the scows that go out of New York Harbor to dump refuse into the sea. The Seamen's Friendly Aid Society of which Tristam's father was a very active member for many years, and of which Tristam was an active member, was responsible for that beneficent legislation, and the man who came down to Washington, giving up his time, away from his law practice, away from all his interests here, to help that measure through, a measure which was important to a few poor men but nevertheless of great

importance to them, the man who came down to Washington to argue for that bill, to put in the hearing before the Committee the instances that would lead to a favorable report by the Committee and to passage by the house — that man was Tristam Johnson.

He had ideals. Any one who looked into his face knew that. He had a splendid, manly, straight-forward, honest presence.

He loved his fellowmen. No man could have done the work he did in politics unless he had a love of his fellowmen that was consuming. Those qualities made him an exceptional man for the Republican Party to have as leader of an Assembly District. Never could the Party have repaid the debt it owed him. When this District was cut out on the reapportionment five years ago, those of us who were familiar with the figures expected to see the District strongly Democratic inside of five years. There was only one thing that could prevent that and that was leadership of the very best, leadership that attended to details and was backed up by a loyal body of workers, under the leader. Fortunately, the District had such leadership and such workers. But my experience tells me that able though, and devoted though, the workers are, the work is not done unless there is the *leader* at the top, and fortunate it was in this District that at the top you had as *leader* Tristam Johnson.

Fifty men like Tristam Johnson, with his intelligence,

his devotion, his energy, his kindliness, his sincerity — fifty men like him as leaders of any party in this city — as District Leaders of any Party in this City, could change the City politically in ten years. I mention this to point out the kind of man that Tristam was and also to illustrate by it that at all times what we most need is men, men, and young as he was, Tristam Johnson was every inch a man. Whatever he did, he did with all the energy he possessed; he fought the good fight with all his might. There is a couplet that has always appealed to me. It is in one of the poems by Charles Kingsley, and I think that its motto was followed out to the letter by Tristam Johnson.

"Do noble things;
Not dream them all day long;
And so make life, death and that vast forever,
One grand, sweet song."

Introducing Hon. Ezra P. Prentice.

Chairman Tanner: It affords me pleasure to recall to you again just the little things that happened around this Club House, and as Herbert Parsons spoke of the honesty of Tristam Johnson, it called to my mind the fact that in the six years I have known him here, as closely as I did, I never knew a man in this district to question Tristam's word or the essential honesty of his purpose. It may have been the human touch that made him leader, but it was yoked with that absolute re-

liability that made him victorious. The duties of a leader are sometimes a little onerous, and the leader who preceded Tristam is the next man that I wish to speak from that point of view, our old friend, Ezra P. Prentice.

Mr. Prentice said: We have met for a very sad purpose, the saddest purpose for which there has ever been a meeting here. It does not make any difference what I may say. Nothing that I say can take from or add to our feeling about Tristam. But I am glad to be here, by my presence to show that I honored and respected him. I do not understand why such a thing should be—I do not understand why a man, young and strong and active in mind and body, whose achievements already made, showed promise of a fine future before him, whose life was closely entwined with the lives of others, should be taken away; but it is not for us to question that. This one thought helps me. The same Power that took him away put him here and let him work with and among us and let us know him; and I should not so much be sorry that he has been taken, as glad that he was allowed to be here, and that it was my fortune to know him. No man liveth unto himself. Every man, even the loneliest man, is influenced by the lives of others, and, in turn, influences them; he cannot live unto himself. And a man's influence is according as the circle in which he is thrown is narrow or great, and according as his touch is close or distant, and Tristam's circle was very

large and his touch was very close, and his loss is a very great one on that account. We shall not have very many friends like him. We shall not know very many men who are as fine and generous in all their actions as he was. We shall not see, in the course of our lives, very many men who are such public officials as he—so unselfish and so strong, so sincere and conscientious in everything they do. We cannot forget him, but we can comfort the sorrow that we feel at his loss in our gladness that he once was here among us. It isn't only the things he did which endeared him to us—he did very many things—but it is what he was. It is the little things, the intimate things which show a man's character and which we feel the most strongly about—and those I cannot speak of—but we can be glad, tremendously glad, that we knew him and that once he was here with us.

Introducing Henry H. Curran.

Chairman Tanner: I expected to have with us here to-night Senator George B. Agnew, but just a little while ago I received a telegram, which I will read:

> Hon. Frederick C. Tanner, etc.:
>
> My wife and oldest son are sick and I cannot leave. I am very sorry to be absent to-night, for I shall always cherish the memory of Tristam Johnson. To know him was to love him, to trust him, and to look up to him. We are all better men for the association with him.

Tristam Johnson went into politics very young. As I remember him, he was only twenty-four years when he gained the confidence of the electorate in his Aldermanic district and he never forfeited it; and he would be to-day the minority leader down at City Hall, if the higher call to be Solicitor for the Navy had not come to him: and I want to ask his successor at City Hall to speak a few words of his work in the body of the Board of Aldermen.

Mr. Curran said: My friends and Tristam's friends: It seems to me after what we have heard that there is very little for me to say; in fact, for any of us to say. Possibly the only thing that I can add—a thing which was made evident to me and not to others by merest circumstance—was the fact of Tristam's position in the Board of Aldermen. Entirely apart from his leadership, his qualities of head and management, and his fighting qualities, every man in the Board was his friend, as probably they were of no other individual member. He was the idol—I don't exaggerate—of the Democrats, almost more noticeably than those of our own party. When he resigned, the way these men came up and spoke to him — they were all taken by surprise — was enough evidence of the feeling, so that it needs no description. When I was in the Board the other day there wasn't one of them that felt that he could come up and speak to me at all; and the feeling in that Board was very, very plain. I think it was based, in the main, on a

quality of unselfishness in Tristam—more that than anything else. It wasn't a hard-set, iron-bound unselfishness; there was nothing ascetic about it; it was an unselfishness that carried with it an infinite patience, a quality that I think was marked in him—as marked in him as was the patience that Lincoln is known for—a quality of leading by gentleness, that it seems to me was just as marked in Tristam Johnson as was the gentleness for which General Lee is known. He had a desire to serve, as has been said, in public service, backed by the ability to serve, with the essential quality of such ability that comes only from this quick sympathy and warm humanity. I have heard Tristam say more than once—and I think I may speak of this, because, doubtless, many of you have heard the same thing—that he would rather serve in Congress (not go to Congress, not be a Congressman), but would rather serve in Congress than be the president of the greatest bank or the greatest corporation or business institution in the United States. I think that expresses his power over all of us very concretely. I think it fortells the time that is coming when the kind of esprit de corps that I know we have—better to-day than ever before—will be here, that comes only from a comradeship in a fight for a good end; an unselfish comradeship, that we thank ourselves for having had the opportunity to share with and under Tristam Johnson.

Introducing A. Parker Nevin

Chairman Tanner: I don't believe that any man had

a happier home life than Tristam. It was my privilege to be down there on Waverly Place with him very often and I always came away feeling better than when I went there. I think it is a fitting part of these exercises here to-night to speak of his home because Tristam literally gave his home to the district. Sometimes I would be down there pretty late and that telephone of his would ring up—some one wishing to see him about district affairs. His wife used to tell me—although he never said anything about it—that it used to ring at all times in the morning. As a matter of fact I was never at his house, and I was there a great many times, that he was not called up on some little matter that pertained to us. His home was the district's and his wife was just as charming to Tristam's friends as Tristam himself was. Parker Nevin has just been telling me a little incident that touched this side of his life and it is so like Tristam that I have asked him to tell it to you.

Mr. Nevin said: My friends: Tristam Johnson was a neighbor of mine in Waverly Place. It was my privilege to informally call upon him and his wife, and I therefore knew something of the peculiar beauty and happiness of his domestic life. I knew the way he idolized his charming wife, and the way she idolized her husband.

Outside of Tristam's personal qualities as a man, independent of his remarkable success in politics, apart from his unusual capacity for leadership, I personally choose to recall Tristam Johnson as the husband and father.

Strange enough, three weeks yesterday I met him on Broadway. He had come to New York on a short errand of business. We greeted each other, and had a brief chat. I asked him how he liked his new field of work, and, with his characteristic enthusiasm he replied that it was magnificent. "Of course", he said, "I miss the fellows, and it's a little strange in Washington; but the work is delightful." Then he put his hand on my shoulder and said: "But the best part of the work is that I can get home and see Betty and the children three times a day."

Introducing Robert McC. Marsh

Chairman Tanner: Assemblyman Ward has just wired that the adjournment of the Legislature to-morrow and a night session, involving some important measures that he has introduced, have prevented his coming to-night and he asked me here to express his sincere and deep sorrow for the loss of the one with whom he was so proud to have been associated on the ticket. Henry Curran has talked about the gentleness of Tristam Johnson. It is so, literally so, and I wonder how many of you men know what the source of that gentleness was. The fellows that were really closest to him from a long course of intimacy I think know why, Tristam Johnson was too much of a man to show his wounds, but the way it worked out was, that he never, if, by any means he could avoid it, inflicted wounds on anybody else.

I am going to ask — while he has not been officially connected — an old roommate of Mr. Johnson to say a few words, without preparation. We don't need preparation to-night, because nobody is trying to make a speech —just telling what he knows about that intimate, encouraging and charming side of Tristam's personality that people knew, when politics were not at the top, when business wasn't at the the top, or political strife thought of. I know of no man whom I have ever met that was a more delightful companion than Tristam Johnson. I only wish I had known him when he was at school. I wish Bob Marsh to speak a few words of him to-night.

Mr. Marsh said: Friends of Tristam: It is a great privilege, and an unexpected one, but one which I shall value all my days, and for which I shall thank the leader, that I should be able here, before you, to testify to a few of the things which I have known about Tristam Johnson and which perhaps some of you have not had the same opportunity to experience. Tristam was a man whom to know one had to know on many sides. You knew him here, we all knew him here, as a most devoted, self sacrificing, indefatigable worker, a man who sunk himself absolutely in his work—not work for himself but work for the District, work for all the people. But he had another side; and I think perhaps the reason Mr. Tanner asked me to speak of it is because I have had the privilege of knowing him longer than anyone else here. I lived with him

for three years in the law school, ten years ago, and I have been with him on expeditions in the West, in the Adirondacks and in Canada, in the summer when all thought of work, either study of the law, or work in the District, was further from his mind; and then, as all of you who have seen him at all when he has been free from care, know, was the time to know him, that was the time that the full charm and delightfulness of his nature came out. Those are the things that I can't fully speak of; I don't think that anyone but a poet could express rightly the real charm of his personality, the loveliness of it; but as you can imagine, those occasions are full of memories which one wouldn't exchange for all of the associations with men who, perhaps, may some day do greater things. It is the humanity, the personality of Tristam that lives, the thing that is made to write itself in the hearts of men and be remembered. And he could do just that, and be remembered.

There are two or three little things that are rather characteristic of him, slight in a way, and hardly worth remembering, and yet they stick in my memory—and that is also characteristic. I remember eight years ago, eight years ago to a day—it was the last long vacation he and I had—we were in California and climbing the mountain, there. We were on a trip of thirty days on horseback among the mountains, and were climbing Mt. Whitney, which is the highest mountain in the United

States. Tristam had been a delightful companion all the way; we had had all kinds of amusing incidents in adventures together. He was not very found of climbing mountains, that was not his particular form of exercise. You all know he was a great athlete, but he didn't care for that particular form of amusement. We had a man in the party who was a great mountain climber and rather proud of it. They started up the mountain together. It is a three hour climb, over hard rock, and Tristam without saying a word to anyone, made up his mind to give this fellow the race of his life; and every step of it was painful to him, I believe. But he got there. Which one got there first I don't know, because I was too far behind to see; but it was simply typical of the way in which, when he put his mind to a thing at any time, no matter how disagreeable it was, he would climb to the very topmost point that he had set out for.

Another incident happened on the same trip which showed his remarkable ability to devote himself to details of work. He had written a diary of that whole trip, and I think by the time he got back to San Francisco he was about seven weeks away from New York, and he had put something down for every day. I had made rough notes at the same time during the part of the time that I was with him—that was about four weeks—and on the way up from San Francisco to Seattle he lost his diary from the car window. He went on to Alaska, and while on

the steamer he sat down and re-wrote that diary from memory, and he brought it back to me and compared it with my mind afterwards, and on his dates of all events he was absolutely right.

A year ago, I had the fun of spending several Sundays with Tristam at Bay Head, on the Jersey coast. He went down there after the week in New York—and it was a delight to see him emerge from under the burden of care of the District troubles, and enjoy sailing a sneakbox or swimming, or lounging on the beach, with a gleam in his eyes that spoke from the bottom of his soul.

These little things are hardly worth mentioning, but they are almost the only things one can mention, because the things one would rather mention, as well as remember, the little glances that charmed us all, the drollery with which he would relieve a tense situation—all those things live in our mind and memories, and always will. I say we can't express them, we can only remember them.

Introducing James H. Hickey.

Chairman Tanner: A great many of us after Tristam's departure for Washington, had come to look forward to his frequent visits to New York. I think perhaps I was the last fellow in New York to take dinner with him. I was coming over here to the Club on Thursday night when I met him and in his droll way he said, "Never mind the Club just now Fred. you come over to Silsbe's with me and we will take dinner together and I

will show you how to run the district." I went with him and I will never be grateful enough for that last evening with him.

I don't think I can say any more fellows, if you will pardon me, I am going to delegate my task to Mr. Hickey.

Mr. Hickey: Friends of Tristam Johnson: It is about two or three months ago since I said a good-bye to Tristam Johnson in his office one afternoon and I am sorry to say that is the last time that I ever saw Tristam Johnson, and I shook hands with him and I said: "Tristam, I am sorry that you are going to Washington, I am very sorry, but I hope, Tristam, that some time you will come back to New York and be with us again." "Well," he said, "Jim, I hope to." And he smiled as he always did, so pleasantly, and we parted and I never saw him afterwards.

I remember Tristam when he first began his work in political life. One of our old and lamented workers here, Henry O'Brien and I sat one day together and he said to me, "I think we have got, perhaps, to look about for a new captain," — I think it was for the Eighteenth District — "and how about Tristam Johnson?" When the query was put to Tristam Johnson, Tristam, in his modest way, said, "Why, I don't suppose that I am qualified to do the work, I don't know that I am up to it;" and in the same modest way when he was asked to assume the

duties of leader, he said, "I don't know that I am up to it;" so that we can feel sure that he had one of the great qualities, the qualities that belong to great men—modesty. But when he did assume his work of leadership, we all know that he did it thoroughly and to the best of his ability; and we all know from our absolute knowledge that no one has ever criticized Tristam Johnson severely, not severely, but in any way, as far as I have ever known and every one who ever spoke of Tristam Johnson spoke of him as a man, as a sincere and honest and upright man, and surely that is what goes to make a leader; and I cannot help thinking that he responded to the cry, which is a real cry, as stated by ex-Congressman Parsons, that what we need is men, men, men, because it is only through men like Tristam Johnson that the faith is kept alive and that we, too, believe that there is something that can be accomplished because we see in him the unfailing faith that something is to be accomplished and that the fight is worth while, and we know that he fought the good fight and that he kept the faith; and in a couplet that I like to remember, the idea has been expressed, the idea that seems to have been the idea of Tristam's life:

"It is not the grapes of Canaan that repay,
But the high faith that failed not by the way."

Introducing B. W. B. Brown.

Chairman Tanner: I have asked Mr. B. W. B. Brown,

the leader of the Twenty-seventh to speak a few words for the district with which we have been so closely associated. Mr. Brown was in the Board of Aldermen with Tristam, and he was a leader at the same time that Tristam was a leader. We welcome him as one of Johnson's closest friends.

Mr. Brown: It seems to me but yesterday, though, as a matter of fact it was in November, 1907, that in talking with your former Alderman Frank Sturges, who was a close and dear friend of mine, I asked him to look over with me the list of the incoming Board, elected in 1907, especially of the men from Manhattan. I asked Frank Sturges' advice, as he was leaving the Board, and as it seemed possible that I might take up the burden of leadership, whom he would suggest that he knew, to serve as my right-hand man. It was then in November, 1907, that he spoke the name, then unknown to me, of Tristam B. Johnson. That was four years ago. At that time I had never met Tristam, but shortly afterwards Sturges brought him to the Board meeting and introduced him to me. From the very first I realized, looking into his face, what kind of a man Tristam Johnson was, and I secured for Tristam the seat next to me in that Board. I appreciate more than anything that ever happened to me in my legislative career the advice that was given to me by Frank Sturges and the subsequent friendship of Tristam Johnson. He sat next to me for those succeeding

two years, 1908-1909. In the many fights which we had, which were difficult fights, as the Democrats in the Board were ably led by Little Tim Sullivan, his advice was invaluable, his support could always be relied upon, he was the level-headed, cool man, a man of great wisdom, of great forethought, and in the trying times, in the heat of debate and in the discussions when some of our men seemed to be leaving us and Sullivan seemed to be beating us, I always found Tristam there with cool words, mature thought and good advice. In those two years he never missed a meeting of the Board. He was always there when the roll was called, he was always there when the motion to adjourn was made. He was a man of men, a man loved by his fellow men, and when Congressman Parsons asked me as I was leaving the Board in 1909, who I thought from my experience should be the leader to succeed me there, it didn't take me but one moment to say that there was one man in that Board for leadership, and that was Tristam Johnson. It was one of the happiest moments of my life when he succeeded me as the leader of the Board. He earned it, he deserved it; the men there all loved him and they followed him. He has made for himself a name among men. He has made friends wherever he went, and when, last Monday, it was my privilege to open a letter which was written by him on Saturday, I could see all through the contents of it the same old Tris., a man we

shall miss, but a man who has done his duty manfully and as a man should.

In Conclusion.

Chairman Tanner: Before we say good-night, the family of Tristam Johnson wishes me to thank those who responded at very short notice and went to the services at South Orange on Tuesday. We are glad indeed to have them with us to-night and join them in paying a tribute to the man we very sincerely loved. We don't need any benediction to close these exercises —Tristam's life itself was enough — Good-Night.

Resolutions.

THE BOARD OF ALDERMEN OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

STATED MEETING

Tuesday, July 18, 1911.

The Board met in the Aldermanic Chamber, City Hall.

In the absence of the President, the Vice-Chairman took the chair.

Alderman Curran asked and obtained unanimous consent to introduce the following:

No. 3968.

WHEREAS, God in His Infinite wisdom has taken from us the Honorable Tristam B. Johnson, who was for more than three years a valued and trusted member of this Board, and

WHEREAS, the sterling ability, simple manliness, and through all, the quiet qualities of heart and human sympathy of this, our former colleague, have so endeared him to all his associates here that his loss comes to us as a personal sorrow, be it

RESOLVED, that The Board of Aldermen of the City of

New York hereby expresses its sense of loss in the death of our distinguished associate, the Honorable Tristam B. Johnson, and tenders to his bereaved family this assurance of its deep sympathy in their irreparable loss, and be it further

RESOLVED, that a Copy hereof, suitably engrossed and duly authenticated by his Honor, the Mayor, the President of the Board, and the City Clerk, be transmitted to the family of the deceased.

After Alderman Curran had spoken as to the resolution, the Vice-Chairman called Alderman Willard to the Chair and spoke in support of the resolution, as did Alderman Downing.

The Vice-Chairman then resumed the Chair.

The resolution was unanimously adopted by a rising vote.

The Vice-Chairman then gave notice that the funeral would occur at 4 p. m. this day.

Alderman Willard moved, as a further mark of respect to the memory of the late Alderman Tristam B. Johnson, that the Board do now adjourn.

The Vice-Chairman put the question whether the Board would agree with said motion,

Which was decided in the affirmative.

And the Vice-Chairman declared that the Board stood adjourned until Tuesday, July 25, 1911, at 1.30 o'clock p. m.

P. J. SCULLY,

City Clerk, and Clerk of the Board of Alderman.

Distinguished public services

REPUBLICAN COUNTY COMMITTEE
NEW YORK COUNTY

WHEREAS, this Committee has learned of the death of TRISTAM B. JOHNSON, long one of its members and for some years one of its Executive Committee, and

WHEREAS, his devotion and zeal ever at the disposal of his City and Party, and his distinguished public services have rendered his death a distinct public loss, and

WHEREAS, his democratic spirit and straightforward manliness has endeared him personally to the members of this Committee, be it

RESOLVED, that the Republican Committee of the County of New York hereby expresses its sense of loss in the death of our distinguished associate, the Honorable TRISTAM B. JOHNSON, and tenders to his breaved family its sincere sympathy in their loss, and be it further

RESOLVED, that a copy of this resolution be transmitted to his family, and that the Committee do now adjourn in respect to his memory.

25th ASSEMBLY DISTRICT COMMITTEE.

WHEREAS, the Honorable Tristam B. Johnson, member of the Board of Aldermen of the City of New York, from this District from 1908 to 1911, and Executive Member of the Republican Organization of this District from 1908 to 1911, has been removed from us by death, and

WHEREAS, his manliness, ability, high ideals and the

sweetness of his character have commanded the respect of all who knew him, and endeared him to his associates and friends, be it

RESOLVED, that we, the members of the Republican Assembly District Committee of the 25th Assembly District of the County of New York, express our great sorrow at the death of our former Leader and friend, the Honorable Tristam B. Johnson, and our sense of the loss which this city has sustained in the death of a faithful and able public servant, and tender our deep sympathy to his family; and be it further

RESOLVED, that a copy of this resolution be transmitted to the members of the family of the Honorable Tristam B. Johnson.

Editorial from the New York Evening Post, July 18, 1911.

Tristam Burges Johnson, whose untimely death occurred under such dramatic circumstances at Washington last Sunday, was an example of the young man of fine ideals in poitics who does not hesitate to begin at the bottom of the ladder. Mr. Johnson was twenty-four years of age when he was elected, in 1905, to the Board of Alderman, a sphere not usually chosen by the ambitious young man for his debut. He was re-elected in 1907 and 1909, rose to be the republican minority leader in the Board and by dint of constant warfare against Tammany's statesmen in that body, learned a great deal of practical politics. His appointment to the Solicitorship of the Navy Department came as a reward of good party and public service. His death cuts short a promising career.

Death of Character — tenacity/purpose

Reprinted from the New York Republican, July 22d, 1911.

FREDERICK C. TANNER'S TRIBUTE TO HIS FRIEND TRISTAM B. JOHNSON

An appreciation of a man like Tristam B. Johnson is almost as difficult as the relization by his friends that he has really been taken from us, or that such a thing could be permitted to happen by Divine Providence. Tristam was a man of many qualities, and yet withal of such extreme and engaging simplicity that some people overlooked on first acquaintance the depth of his character and the tenacity of his purpose. I never knew a man, unless in anger, question his sincerity or his word. I never knew a man harbor a doubt as to his essential honesty or his purpose. As I look over the years of closest friendship with him, it is almost impossible not to lapse into what seems like eulogy—a thing from which his singularly modest nature shrank, and which I know he would ask me not to do. And yet these words are addressed to his co-workers in the political field. They will know I write the simple truth. Tristam Johnson was a successful man. He won the confidence of the voters of his Aldermanic District when he was but twenty-four years of age and did not forfeit it to the day of his death. Repeatedly his constituents returned him to the Board of Aldermen and had it not been for his resignation to accept the higher call as Solicitor for the Navy Department, he would still be with us as the Minority Leader at the City Hall. As the leader of the 25th Assembly District I know well the difficulties he encountered during his leadership there. But his associates believed him—they believed in his ability—and he always carried his district. He carried it even last Autumn when many of the strongest leaders in the County found the odds against them too heavy. His methods and

manners were quiet, genial, given to avoiding a clash, and above all to saving, if it were a possible thing, an injury to another's feelings. It was in this way that he betrayed his own sensitiveness. He was too manly to show his own wounds, but he went a long way to avoid inflicting any on others If ever he abused his power as leader it was on the side of gentleness.

But above all his other characteristics I think stands out his **human quality.** Tristam liked to be liked, by those with whom he worked. Instead of that they loved him. It was the old story of being always ready to help the unfortunate of his district. No time limit was set on his endeavors, and an unnaturalized foreigner was on the same footing as a party worker, if he came in distress. Tristam knew well how to listen to the "short and simple annals of the poor." He liked almost all men, and almost all men liked him. This was the secret of his success. Since his death I have met many of his friends at the Club House—well-known educators, wealthy merchants, but above all the great mass of common people he lived so much for, and all have said the same thing of him. The public can ill afford to lose the service of a man like Johnson; the 25th Assembly District can ill afford to lose him, and the Republican party at large. There is so much political driftwood, men who float about on public waters. a burden rather than a power. Tristam Johnson was an arrow shot at the mark, straight, reliable and true. Indeed "His life was gentle and the elements so mixed in him that Nature might stand up and say to all the world—'this was a man'." His life has added much to the sum of human joy—his death we cannot comprehend. And yet, of one thing I am sure; no man in his District, no man at City Hall, no man who knew him in all the turmoil of political strife, who did not have his belief strengthened that straightforwardness is the source of power, and that manhood wins in public life.

manhood wins in public life

No. 12.

EMPIRE STATE SOCIETY

October 2nd 1911.

HEADQUARTERS

220 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

ST. PAUL BUILDING

Next Meeting, October 17th, 1911

The next regular meeting of the EMPIRE STATE SOCIETY, SONS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, will be held in the Myrtle Room of the Waldorf-Astoria, Fifth Avenue and 34th Street, N. Y. City, on Tuesday, October 17, 1911, at 8 o'clock P. M.

General George B. Loud, Commander of the Department of New York, G. A. R., will favor us with his interesting lecture entitled "George Washington." Compatriots should not miss this most entertaining and intellectual essay upon the "Father of our Country."

BANQUET, NOVEMBER 18, 1911

The attention of compatriots is called to the enclosed notice of our Annual Banquet, which will take place at the Waldorf-Astoria on Saturday evening, November 18, 1911. We hope the number of tickets sold will exceed that of former years, and ask that all compatriots interest themselves to this end.

Names of new members qualified since our last meeting:

Wheeler Sammons,
Nelson Moore,
Albert H. Ellis,
Henry W. Cook,
George G. Fryer,
Frank L. Beyer,
John L. Wagner,
J. William Prouse,
Rev. Charles T. Raynor,
Arthur C. Burnett,
Wm. H. H. Rogers,
Rev. Edmund A. Burnham,
Edward K. Ives,
Emmett S. Ray,
Wm. F. O'Connor,
George H. Chase,
Wm. Marsh Butler,
John N. Emery,
John Sherman,
Edwin S. Cox,
Clark D. Edgar,
Rear-Admiral Franklin Hanford,
U. S. Navy, Retired,
Frank S. Fosdick,
John E. Ruston,
William Y. Foote,
Augustin G. Rudd,
Nelson O. Tiffany, Jr.,
Charles M. Henderson,
Edward C. Howe,

REINSTATED:

Edward D. Putnam,
Wm. J. McKelvey,
Clarence Willis.

Since our last meeting the following-named compatriots have died:

Graham K. Anderson, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Ward P. Munson, Ridgefield Park, N. J.
Ronald R. Purman, Jamaica, N. Y.
Geo. C. Sawyer, Syracuse, N. Y.
Nelson C. Simms, Alberquerque, N. M.
Charles A. Wright, Hancock, Mich.
Robert M. Stratton, N. Y. City.
E. A. Rowland, Rome, N. Y.
Col. H. D. Tyler, N. Y. City.
Hon. Tristam B. Johnson, Washington, D. C.
Wm. N. Eastabrook, Elmira, N. Y.
Dr. Edward B. Coburn, N. Y. City.
Wm. E. H. Dusenbury, N. Y. City.
James H. Stearns, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Rev. Samuel H. Virgin, D.D., N. Y. City.

Compatriots will TAKE NOTICE that by a rule of the National Society, adopted at Louisville last May, certificates of membership must be returned to the State Society issuing them "when the recipient of the certificate shall not pay his dues or his membership shall cease for any other reason than death or actual disability, to be determined by the Society of which he is a member."

The attention of the members is called to paragraph 2 of Section VI of the By-Laws, where it is stated that "the annual dues shall be payable in advance on the first day of April in each year." If not paid within a reasonable time and upon due notice, they are subject to suspension.

Enclosed find ballot to be voted at this meeting proposing an amendment to paragraph 2 of Section VII of the By-Laws by adding the word "June," thus increasing the number of meetings of the Society to four each year.

Attached to this notice is a blank form which our members are requested to fill out with the names and addresses of their relatives and friends who are eligible to membership in this Society and return to the Secretary that he may communicate with them for the purpose of increasing the membership.

A number of the Year-Books which were mailed to members have been returned marked "Not found." This shows the necessity of the Secretary being notified of any change in address.

MEMBERS OF THE EMPIRE STATE SOCIETY, SONS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, WILL PLEASE GIVE ON THIS FORM NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF RELATIVES AND FRIENDS WHO ARE ELIGIBLE TO MEMBERSHIP IN THE SOCIETY, AND RETURN IT TO THE SECRETARY.

On July 4th, 1911, there was erected upon Saint Paul's Protestant Episcopal Church at East Chester, N. Y., which was used as a Military Hospital during the Revolution, a bronze Memorial Tablet by this Society. The committee having this in charge was composed of Compatriots

Edward Hagaman Hall, L.H.D.,
Louis Annin Ames,
Richard T. Davies,
Charles R. Lamb,
Hon. Edwin W. Fiske,
Harry Hudler
Clarence G. Stone,
Frank P. Woomer,
George R. Crawford,
John A. Peck.

Our President, Mr. Burroughs, visited the Chapters at Saratoga and Johnstown during the summer and was given a most hearty reception.

The Twenty-third Annual Congress of the National Society of the Sons of the American Revolution will be held at Boston, Mass., from May 20th to 23rd, 1912.

Meetings of the Empire State Society, S. A. R.,
will be held
February 20th, 1912,
and
April 16th, 1912.

CHAS. A. DUBOIS,
Secretary.

JOHN H. BURROUGHS,
President.

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END OF
TITLE